

## But a Spark

By Kaylee Croston. Fourteen years old.

*If I could write a letter to everyone I care about,  
It wouldn't be very long.  
I only wanted something beautiful.  
But while I write  
Tears will fall like razors  
Down my cheeks  
Leaving trails of ruby and amethyst.  
By the end  
It might sound like  
A suicide note.  
After all, blood is the ink  
Closest to the heart.  
I guess it doesn't matter  
Because I have access to a computer  
Instead.  
I've been trying to begin for so long  
But there's no path to follow  
So I'll chase a dream that doesn't exist yet  
And write anyway.*

*Dear mother,  
I never blamed you.  
I never blamed you for the past  
Or what I've become.  
Lately, I've been wondering if I should have.  
I'm miserable  
But you're too blinded  
By your immediate and illuminating beauty  
And him  
To see me anymore.  
And I'm sorry that my screaming irritates you  
But you block out my voice  
With words that cut deeper  
than my stash of shattered glass  
ever could.*

*Dear father,  
You are not defined by your mistakes  
The way a student is defined by their grades.  
And you aren't confined to  
Any cage that you don't deserve.  
I've always wondered  
If it hurt to choose the pipe*

*Over love.  
But when I ask,  
You tell me you have no regrets  
and you don't live in the past.  
Still dismissing what you've done  
With clichés and excuses.  
I wish that I could cut out  
The pieces of me  
That remind me of you.  
Do you ever look at my skin  
And think that may be the reason  
I have so many scars?*

*Dear brother,  
I keep thinking that if  
I had a little of you  
And you had some of me  
We'd create a better us.  
You're careless, masculine.  
I'm cautious, feminine.  
I am a shoreless sea  
You are the earth in all of its glory and tragedy.  
My waves could crash against you  
And make you a stronger man.  
But as for morbidity  
You are a painting  
I am a masterpiece.*

*Dear uncle,  
Drugs were your right hand man  
Recklessness was your mask.  
Madness was your pride.  
And cowardice was your lifeline  
Until it pushed you  
Six feet under the Earth.*

*Dear myself,  
It's my filthy ego  
That compels me to include you.  
You'll be my downfall.  
Past, present, and future.  
How am I supposed to run from the demons in you  
When there's an entire hell  
Inside  
Of me.*

*Dear everyone,  
I know that you're all towers  
High above me.  
Each one of you, unique  
And thus, precisely the same.  
But I'm a spark  
And I could never threaten you.  
I will never touch you.  
I'll only fade to gray  
And fall to ash.  
But wait a moment or two  
And don't you blink  
Until the day I flicker and die  
I will fight  
To become  
Wildfire.*